

Halo: The Marma Expansion

by Half Fortress Portal

Category: Halo

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-01-21 18:35:16

Updated: 2013-01-21 18:35:16

Packaged: 2016-04-27 03:59:28

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 327

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: A story not about Master Chief, not The Arbiter, not some marine dude, but new characters spawned from my imagination. Please give feedback or reviews, they would be much appreciated! Hope you like it and enjoy my first ever fan fiction. Rated teen just in case any violence comes in in a later chapter. Yes I will update as regularly as possible.

Halo: The Marma Expansion

**\*\*\_Halo: The Marma expansion\_\*\***

**\*\*\_Introduction\_\*\***

Admiral Vancraft looked out of his ship 'rising from the ashes' to a planet, lush jungles, blue oceans, a big Iceland and woodlands. This was the planet Marma. The planet the U.N.S.C would colonize next. It would be just like earth, natural with civilisation scattered across the world. It would be an agricultural world â€" a world for farming, crops and therefore, food for mankind. But for now it was completely natural.

Admiral Vancraft was a handsome thirty-three year old with an extremely calm nature. He was the head of the Marma program and in charge of making sure the colonisation was done safely and efficiently. His scouts, three warthogs, were searching for any possible dangers. Warthogs are, more or less, jeeps with a big turret on the back. Capable of holding three personal, (a driver, a passenger, and a gunner,) it was a perfect combat reconnaissance vehicle. His scouts would be back any second, entering the bridge and telling him their information found on the planet. Sure enough the 'beep' of someone opening the bridge doors made Vancraft turn to look upon his scouts.

"Status report Sergeant." Vancraft ordered.

"There was nothing but trees, plants, grass and the occasional frost sir!" The Sergeant replied, saluting. He was cold as his skin was

pale and white, just as Vancraft suspected as Marma's average temperature was 4 degrees.

"So no life forms other than animals and plants, am I right?"

"Yes sir!"

"I see. Good scouting marines, return to the barracks."

"Yes sir!"

As the marine scouts jogged through the bridge doors, the admiral was alone again staring at Marma and thinking of how the humans would be settling in, a fresh start, a new fresh start for millions of families across the galaxy. How much responsibility was in his hands, what would lie in wait for them? What is Marma going to-

"Sir, you need to look at this immediately. Code red."

End  
file.